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# Lychanthropy



werewolf

lycanthrope

78 8 12

## Chapter 1 by NeedToWander

I live with what people name a disease. For me, it's a curse.

Every Full moon for the last two years, I've been in pain, unable to control myself. It was torture, hell, it still is.

You've heard of the evil Werewolf right? The man-wolf beast thing right? You may think it's cool, kinda bad. They can control it... They choose when to turn. If that's what you think, then let me tell you what it's TRULY like.

"Veo Harishead! Keep working for lord's sake!" Mr Yechokiv screamed at me again, always telling me to work. Work, work, work. Living and working in a farm is hard work. He didn't understand. But I Knew.

Tonight was a full moon, another night of pain and torture... Another night of death...

## Chapter 2 by Jenny Neill



I would have to lock myself up again. No one could ever get hurt because of me. I could almost feel the cold handcuffs digging into my wrists, pushing me to the wall. It made my throat hitch. But I could do it. I could.

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I had eaten my mother and baby sister. It scarred me and made me want to kill myself. But nothing worked-- poison, bullets, knives. Nothing! I was left immortal with the gutting despair. All I could do is prevent myself from killing more innocent people.

I cried and cried in my sleep, cried in my other form, cried in my human form. I just wanted it to end. So I trudged through every day like it was made of mud. I focused on waking up, being satisfactory at my dead-end job, locking myself up on full moons, and sleeping. I didn't even need to eat (which ruled out starvation as a possible suicide). It made me miserable.

Until /she/ came knocking on my door.

### Chapter 3 by Samantha



I would have never guessed that she would change my life. Well, nothing I laid my eyes upon in my home town gave me hope or happiness. Not until she walked into my life.

The second she knocked, I felt that she was different. Different from all the other dull people here. I knew she was different because I had extraordinary senses and I guess you could say, a sixth sense.

I'm not sure what it was about her but something was different. This difference sparked something in me. It almost felt as if my entire body had clicked. Maybe that's what made her so special.

**Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8** (1 draft)

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